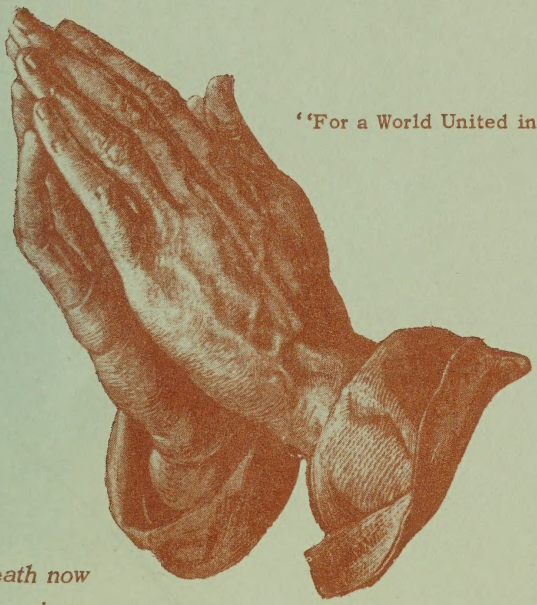
Fellowship in Prayer



"For a World United in Prayer"

I
breath now
renewing
Breath of Life, breathe
deeply of this Breath,
breathe slowly of this Breath;
I breathe the living essence
of the very Presence
of God the Father,
and am renewed,
made whole
in Him.
Amen.

— Elizabeth Searle Lamb

me XVI **JUNE 1965** Number 3

OUR PURPOSE

To promote the practice of prayer among ALL religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

CONTENTS

The Image of Him	...	*Carla Patsuris*	1
Editorial	...		2
We Give	...	*Clara Ullrich Samuels*	4
Gates to Glory	...	*W. J. Thompson*	5
Meditation	...	*Velta Myrle Allen*	6
Who is Your Neighbor?	...	*Swami Ritajananda*	7
Self-Consciousness	...	*T. Hihn Moore*	9
The Ultimate Attainment	...	*Mark Halpern*	10
Good Works	...	*Harry Halsey Starrett*	14
Highways of Thought	...	*Clara Mills Ward*	15
Transforming Prayer	...	*Mildred Long*	16
High Religion	...	*Roy Wallace Thomas*	18
Life of Carl Allison Evans	...	*Kathryn G. Brown*	20
Prayers of William Booth	...	*From Canadian War Cry)*	33
To Walk Softly	...	*Emily Sargent Councilman*	36
Source of Strength	...		37
Notices and Comments	...		39

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

22 East 29th Street New York 16, N.Y.

Volume XVI June 1965 Number 3

THE IMAGE OF HIM

Time after time it is always surprising
When finally the dead come back to stay;
Take, for example, Carl A. Evans who—
In humble magnificence—walked this way.
From kindle of Dawn to crimson sun slanted
The fruit of his teachings ripened and grew
And sweet are the fruits of the seeds transplanted,
And dear is his image; dear his enchanted
Workings and ways of toil and Patterns spun
In parallels by neighbors one by one

He passed, he paused awhile, then took his leave
And proved—as Nature proves—there is no death
As benisons of peace begetting peace
Reflect the words that actualize his breath...
Silenced in the river of life's uproar
His sermons burst their tomb to move the earth
And heaven's inexhaustable metaphor
Of brotherhood unfolds forever more.
He was. And Carl A. Evans is again.
Reborn through prayer and love in hearts of men.

— Carla Patsuris

EDITORIAL

'A GENTLE VOICE...'

THE TIMES we live in are destined to be marked by many things—technological achievement of a scope thought impossible short years ago...astounding break-throughs in the social and political realms ...beginning steps toward the alleviation of world hunger and poverty. With all these, and in the last analysis probably most important of all, our age will be judged in history for the decision it makes in regard to religious liberty.

Assuming the most optimistic position, one can look hopefully at the moves made in even the last few years toward not only a new toleration of varying beliefs but a growth in mutual respect and understanding among people of different creeds. There have been reversals, to be sure; Spanish Protestants, though enjoying new freedom, still struggle...religion behind the Iron Curtain continues to face persecution and discrimination...majority traditions many places persist in wielding their power and control over the minorities.

Yet, on the plus side of the ledger, one cannot discount the far-reaching steps taken in the ecumenical movement—the broad ecumenical movement as regards Christians and all other religions as well as relations within splintered Christendom. In the latter case, Catholics and Protestants for the first time are finding official sanction of theological discussion; the "dialogue" is a real thing not only in Rome and Geneva but in Peoria and Pittsburgh. Concerning Christian - non-Christian relations, significant steps have been taken here, too. One cannot discount the importance of such developments as the statement issued by the Vatican Council (in preliminary form, but sure to be formalized at the coming final session of the conclave) which declares that Jews alone must not be branded for the killing of Christ, any more than all men.

Most important, all of these many developments have been marked by a subtle but very real spiritual search for God through prayer. In

the ecumenical dialogue, the first break-through has been in the realm of joint prayer. While adherents of many religious groups—even within Protestantism—still will not take bread and wine together at the Lord's Table, they have generally found it possible to pray together. Though just a beginning, the fact that more and more men can and will stand together with bowed heads is cause for rejoicing.

As we of this Fellowship in Prayer now mark the fifteenth year of our formal existence, we can in some measure find gratification in the current developments. Without claiming credit—for credit belongs not to individuals or movements—the fellowship envisioned years ago by Carl Evans has grown in spiritual strength and influence. The struggle has been difficult, yet, the loyalty, love and understanding exhibited by so many through the years gives cause for hope.

It is appropriate at this juncture that some words of the past be recalled. Though written five years ago, their continuing truth rings clear. Dr. William Hung, President of Fellowship in Prayer, in the Tenth Anniversary Issue of this bimonthly, recalled the ideals and beliefs of Mr. Evans in searching for answers to the problems of mankind through a positive program of prayer. He wrote:

"...the roots of our problems lie deeper than any amount of individual ingenuity or collective machination could reach. They spring basically from our varying degrees of separation from the source of life, truth and love—in other words, estrangement from God.

"I believe Mr. Evans' founding the Fellowship in Prayer to be precisely calling our attention to the basic necessity to find the solution of our problems in spiritual integrity and spiritual unity on a world scale.

"My ten years of association with the Fellowship (now fifteen years) has, on the one hand, increased my admiration of the wisdom of his signaling prayer as the first step towards this integrity and unity. There is wisdom even in his avoidance of making the Fellowship a religion, a church, or a cult—it is to be merely a voice, a gentle voice

which may grow in volume and persuasiveness and may reach the ears of every real or nominal adherent to any faith or conviction."

At the time of that writing, Dr. Hung reflected that the previous decade had seen "some growth" in "the gentle voice of the call to prayer" but he added that "the growth has been too slow."

In the following five years, there perhaps has been some acceleration in the growth of prayer; and for this we should sing praise. Yet, as our President stated five years ago, the desired goal still is far distant.

"I believe the world of those who do pray rightly is already united," Dr. Hung said. "But their world is still limited because their number is still small and their faith has not yet reached the size of a grain of mustard seed. Shall we not hope and work for more and faster growth?"

All of us in this fellowship should seek to answer that question through our prayers and daily endeavors. * * *

WE GIVE

Selfishly we give;
and, in exchanging, retrieve.
Comradely we give;
and, in receiving, men live.
Selflessly we give
and, in releasing, we live.
Sublimely God gave;
and, in sacrificing, Christ saved.

— Clara Ullrich Samuels

GATES TO GLORY

W. J. Thompson

IN THE SCRIPTURES *(Rev.21: 13)*, the writer describes a wonderful vision of the Holy City. One part of that vision so impressed him that he refers to it several times—namely, The Gates to the City. St. John tells us the Holy City has twelve gates—three on each side. Never forget that! *Let us not insist on any man traveling through* our *particular gate into the Land of Glory!*

Many stumbling blocks would be removed from the paths of seekers after God if only they would remember the many gates leading into the Holy City.

Dr. Albert Schweitzer, world famous organist and theologian who astonished everybody by going as a medical missionary to Africa, tells what a lasting impression one boyhood religious experience left upon him. His father was a Lutheran Pastor whose congregation met in a church building that was used at a different hour by Roman Catholics. Referring to the fine feeling between these two different religious groups, Dr. Schweitzer said, "One thing I have taken with me from this church experience is religious tolerance."

Consider the gates:

"On the *East* three gates." The *East* is the side of the rising sun—proclaiming the beginning of a new day. So may youth come into the Kingdom of God through the *East Gates* when Life's Day is just starting.

Just as I am—young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For Truth, for Righteousness, for Thee—
Through Thy East Gate I come!

"On the *North* three gates." The *North* is the side of the bitter bleak blast of the cold north wind; men and women may enter the City of God out of the stormy winds of sorrow and misfortune.

God can make even trouble to Bless,
And sanctify our deepest distress!
To all troubled lives let this be told—
Enter His North Gate, freed from the cold!

"On the *South* three gates." The "Sunny *South,*" symbol of brightness and beauty, reminds us

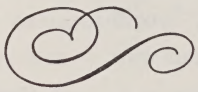
of the southern entrance into the Spiritual Kingdom where many come with rejoicing, filled with the joy of the Lord!

There is sunshine in my soul today
More glorious and bright
Since I found God's "South Gate" is the way
To Life—and Love—and Light!

"On the *West* three gates." The *West* is the side of the setting sun. Entering the *West Gate* into God's City we discover what we thought was the end of Life is just the beginning of a new and wonderful life beyond this earthly existence!

"Sunset" in one place means "Sunrise" in another!
Jesus said—"He that followeth Me shall not walk
in darkness, but shall have the Light of Life Eternal."

One secret of FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, in its onward march through the years is its emphasis on the various gates leading into the Holy City.



MEDITATION

The Universe
and wonders of its mystery,
arouse my reasoning, and deep within I feel
the mighty stir of unnamed forces that
compels my soul
to silent prayer.

— Velta Myrle Allen

WHO IS YOUR NEIGHBOR?

Swami Ritajananda

The question *"Who is your neighbor?"* may appear to some a strange one. We all have neighbors—and some bad. Normally, those people who live in our immediate vicinity we consider as our neighbors. But sometimes even people living on the same street we do not consider so. It is plain, therefore, that there is no one precise definition of a neighbor, and what our own definition will be depends, to a great extent, upon ourselves.

Now when we read in the New Testament the sentence *"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,"* if we apply the ordinary meaning of the word *neighbor* we shall completely distort the teaching of Jesus. For when he used the word, the meaning he intended was not at all what it generally denotes, but something quite different. Let us consider some of the implications of neighborliness.

Of the various ideals that the religions of the world have contributed to human life and thought, one of the most important is that of the perfecting of human society. The purpose of religion is not only to serve the individual but also to improve society. Any religion that excludes the relationship between man and man and confines itself to the development of the individual cannot be considered a great religion.

We find that Judaism, Christianity, and Islam all give a high place to charity and human brotherhood. The ancient religions of Hinduism and Buddhism teach that our charity and brotherliness should extend not only to men but to all living creatures. These two virtues of charity and brotherliness, besides serving to perfect human society, serve at the same time to expand the heart of the individual, bringing a change in his whole outlook.

The natural tendency of a man is to love himself, to seek all kinds of objects for his personal comfort and enjoyment. This, of course, is pure selfishness. When an individual grows up and marries, he learns to love someone besides himself.

Through marriage he is taught first to care for his wife and then for his children. He forgoes his own

comforts for those of his family. The next stage is the love he develops for his countrymen, with whom he shares common concerns and interests.

With the modern spirit of nationalism there has indeed come an increase of fellow-feeling within particular nations; but this feeling is very often something exclusive, creating a consciousness that prevents men from associating or sympathizing with the citizens of other nations on an equal footing. We hear of backward nations and progressive nations, nations superior or inferior; and we seldom proceed farther. Hence, if charity is shown, it generally goes only to those of our own nationality or to those of nations that we accept as our friends.

The commandment *"Love thy neighbor as thyself"* is not applied to the enemies of our own nation. Sometimes a difference in the color of the skin or a divergence in culture makes our hearts contract and blinds our vision. Where brotherliness and charity are applied politically or socially their expression is restricted. It is strange that despite our belief in a progressive civilization, we still harbor the primitive instinct of fear of strangers.

Here the religious prophets and the saints give a different ruling. They have no term for *"enemy."* They tolerate no exclusions and barriers, no segregations. To them, all are children of God and are equal before Him. So they teach us to pray: *"Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."*

As we have faults for which we expect to be forgiven, so we must forgive what we consider to be the faults or shortcomings of others. Even the most wicked person has to be forgiven, not to speak of those with whom we differ simply because of a divergence of custom, creed, or race. Religious teachers thus encourage breadth of vision and expansion of heart.

The Hindu scriptures ask us to remember that God is within every living creature; they teach us that He resides within the heart. A devotee of God should look upon every living being as belonging to his own family—even the poisonous serpent is accepted within the fold. Prophets like Mahavira, the founder of Jainism, and Gautama Buddha laid great stress on nonviolence as one of the essential virtues for a spiritual life. Patanjali, the ancient authority on yoga, says that if a person is well established in nonviolence even fe-

rocious animals lose their feeling of hatred in his presence.

Through the teaching of perfected souls like these we are able to understand the sense in which Jesus used the word *neighbor* in expressing his great commandment: in his eyes our neighbors were not only those who reside in our immediate vicinity, but all human beings, wherever they may live and whatever may be their race or religious persuasion.

It is the great religious teachers who understand that wickedness and cruelty and anger can be conquered only by love. An old Hindu proverb says: *"The hard rock that refuses to yield to the iron hammer, yields to the tender roots of a tree."* The vision of the Lord as residing in the whole creation, and devoted service to all living beings, is the center of their message. A saint constantly prays for the good of the whole world. His concept of neighborliness is well illustrated in the Vedic prayer:

"May all be happy; may all be free from disease; may all behold what is auspicious; may none be subjected to misery.

"May the wicked become good; may the good obtain tranquillity; may the tranquil attain illumination; may the illumined lead others to the Light."

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

Since *I am that I am* is God,
To be what is, is my desire;
For what is not can never be,
Just serpent talk — confusing lies.
What God has made none can revise.
Existence is identity
With Him, Who is and does inspire,
Since *I am that I am* is God.

— T. Hihn Moore

THE ULTIMATE ATTAINMENT

Mark Halpern

In the very experiences that man meets with every day, are the lessons necessary for his growth. With every decision he makes, he is giving his answer to a question put to him by that greatest of all teachers—Life itself! And the decision he makes, the answer he gives in that hour of his testing, determines whether or not he is ready to pass on to the next and higher step of his spiritual education.

* * *

The Mystery Temples of Karnak and Luxor at Thebes were once the glory of Egypt. It was there, beside the Nile, that the great world teacher Hermes, the thrice greatest or thrice Illumined One, expounded the seven principles of the Law, effective upon the physical, mental and spiritual planes. Wherever on earth there was a noble soul of highest aspiration, he felt drawn to that ancient Center of Light in the land of the Pyramids. Even the most illustrious among the wise Greeks, such as Pythagoras, Plato and Herodotus, counted themselves fortunate in gaining admittance to those holy temples.

What wonder then, that one such aspirant—Sirab by name, who lives in the Egyptian city of Syene, a few hundred miles south of Thebes, should have yearned with all his youthful heart for the day when he would sit at the feet of one of the godly white-robed Hierophants, the Initiate Teachers. He had taken a vow that should he ever be so fortunate as to win the Ultimate Attainment of being himself initiated into the Temple Mysteries, he would return to the outer world and give of his light to his fellow man struggling in darkness.

Had it not been for his father, a wealthy physician, Sirab—though only nineteen—would long since have journeyed to Thebes and sought entrance into the Holy Temples of Luxor and Karnak. But the parent wanted his son to follow in his footsteps and become a physician

like himself. Sirab's mother, on the other hand, was in full sympathy with her son's highest aspiration. And Sirab knew that it was only his deep gratitude for all that she had been to him throughout his life that kept him from leaving home and traveling to Thebes against his father's will.

But as Sirab continued to observe the benighted condition of so many of the people in Syene, their misery and sorrows only made him more restless to be off to the Holy Temples and there prepare himself to become a Light-bringer.

One evening, after he and his parents had dined, Sirab broached the subject, as he had so often done in the past: "I beg of you, Father, grant me leave to start for Thebes at dawn. My whole being cries out that I am wasting every hour of my life away from the Holy Temples. I can remain here no longer. With my every breath, I seek Divine Wisdom that I may some day have the power of bringing the Healing Light into the consciousness of my fellow man."

With a disparaging grunt, the physician rose abruptly. "I will not sit here and listen to any more of such absurd talk. My answer is *no!*" And with those words, he stormed out, leaving mother and son alone.

Sirab was the first to speak. "Forgive me, Mother, for causing these scenes. Why did I not come into life with normal ambitions such as other young men? Why am I constantly restless with this urge of mine to go to Thebes and seek entry into the Temples there? Would that I had never been born."

"Nay, my son, speak not so. You must realize the high destiny which awaits you. I will help you pack your things when your father is asleep. This very night shall see you on your way to Thebes."

"Ah, Mother, you have always been full of loving-kindness and understanding toward me. I would not cause discord between you and father. He will be furious when he finds I have dared to go contrary to his wishes."

"Do not vex yourself, my son. I know how to deal with your father. All will be well. . . ."

* * *

And so it was that Sirab journeyed northward to Thebes and finally arrived at that city of great temples without mishap. As though everything had been prearranged and his arrival expected, he soon found himself in the presence of one of the temple priests of Karnak, who said: "It is written, 'Those who seek shall find.' Even so, Sirab, have you sought the way to Divine Wisdom, and have thus been led to the Brotherhood. If you will apply yourself wholeheartedly to the Higher Teachings, and always remember that the only love that kills is the love of self, you may be worthy some day of standing before the great Hierophant Omaz, who will initiate you into the Mysteries."

Before retiring that night in the little chamber that had been assigned to him, Sirab poured out his gratitude to Ra, God of the sun.

Fourteen long years of arduous study and discipline passed. Then at last came the glorious day for which Sirab had been working. He stood before the radiant white-robed figure of Omaz, the great Hierophant, ready to take his initiation into the mysteries.

The face of the godly Omaz was gently yet full of power, his brilliant eyes illumined with the Wisdom of the Ages as he spoke: "You have earned the right, Sirab, to the key of the Mysteries, which will open the door for you to the Divine Life of Self-Realization and Enlightenment. But first you must take an oath that you will never give to the world the Light of Wisdom you are about to receive in your initiation. You must keep it a secret forever."

Sirab felt his heart sink with crushing weight. He stood at the threshold of what he regarded as the Ultimate Attainment, and the price he had to pay for it was not to use it in helping the world!

The face of his mother came to him, with her gentle understanding smile. Her faith in him had been the strength that had enabled him to

persevere. Often he had thought of how much he owed to her, and that she would be the first to whom he would give of his newly won Light when he returned to the world. And what of the multitudes who were in sorrow and turmoil, those whom he had intended to heal. . . .

Sirab shook his head. He could not desert all those. If he could not bring back to them the Power of the Transcendent Experience which Initiation would confer upon him, at least he could give them the benefit of the Higher Knowledge he had gained in the fourteen years of his study in the temples. The price he was asked to pay for the Ultimate Attainment was too great. And so, he said to Omaz, the Hierophant: "Nay, I cannot take for myself the Light from Heaven and not share it with my brothers in the world."

A dazzling smile of godly love illumined the serene features of Omaz: "It is well, Sirab. The key to the Mysteries is yours. Though you will be asked not to reveal some of the Words of Power, as they would only bring harm to the unenlightened, nevertheless you may share the fruits of your expansion in consciousness with all humanity. Had you agreed to take the vow of secrecy, you would thereby have forfeited, by your selfish decision, the Ultimate Attainment now awaiting you, which is won only through self-forgetfulness for the sake of the world. You have proven yourself worthy of taking the Great Initiation. . . ."

And so, it is well for us to pause in deliberation when we are about to make a decision; let us be certain it is not motivated by any selfish consideration. Rather, let our every decision be based on the principle of the Oneness of all life, manifesting as All-Inclusive Love. We shall thereby enter the illumined awareness that the love that leads to the Ultimate Attainment is the love that has transcended the separate little self and is fused with the all-pervading essence of Infinite Life....

GOOD WORKS

Harry Halsey Starrett

THAT WHICH is not worthy of emulation has no worth at all. It is only the emulable which endures. Example is the greatest of all teachers. *"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."*

Let us so live that in departing this life we may bequeath to posterity not a large estate in worldly goods, but rather a record of good works worthy of emulation by those who come after us, and which shall be, to them, an uplifting influence, helping them to *"make their lives sublime and, in departing, leave behind them foot prints on the sands of time."*

Our worldly goods will pass away but our good works will endure forever; our material possessions are temporal, but our good works are immortal. Good works engrave themselves on the tablets of life and stand forever as an inspiration and a help to those who follow. Through the good works we do as we journey along life's highway, we erect our own enduring monument, far greater than any monument posterity could build to our memory out of stone and mortar.

And may we so live that, when our time comes to pass on, it may truthfully be said of us by those who knew us: He was a sower of good seeds, a doer of good deeds; he followed the course set for him; he fought a good fight; he finished his work to the glory of God and to the uplift and betterment of all mankind.

And may our lives, through humble, selfless, faithful, sacrifical service, be crowned with the Master's loving benediction: *"Well done thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."*

LET US keep busy in the fertile and fruitful fields of selfless service, ever mindful that each good deed is a priceless gem set by the Master in our diadem.

HIGHWAYS OF THOUGHT

Clara Mills Ward

"Upholding all things by the word *of His Power."*
(Hebrews 1:3)

In every genuine act of faith there is a union of thought and feeling of emotion—first as an intellectual conception, then as a feeling that it is true. This is what makes it "the word of power."

An 'idea' is the object of our understanding when we think, (or whatever it is the mind can be employed about). The influence of feeling or emotion gives intensity to the thought and renders it more vivid or *living*. Feeling alone is powerless and thought alone is lifeless. They must be combined or "teamed" into a harmonious unity.

When one thinks that one is well, (which is true of the Real Self), the thought will seek to unite with feeling; thus becoming Faith, "the substance of things hoped for." And it will tend to translate itself into physical expression.

There is higher therapeutic efficiency in an 'idea' than in any drug known to science. Thus the influence of ideas, combined with feeling or a state of emotion—such as religious fervor, extends in all directions, affecting the senses and emotions. Even simple prayer thoughts, unattended by an excited state of the emotions, produce marked effects within the body.

Re-education in the use of these dormant powers of thought is needed because they are mostly employed ignorantly, either unused, disused or abused. The doctrine of ideas is much older than Plato, existing in the minds of men as a saving truth before the foundation of the pyramids was laid.

He who grasps himself in thought and apprehends—finds himself *in* himself. At the same time, he finds himself in others and in God. His life is no longer an isolated fragment but is merged in the Whole. This attainment is 'answered prayer' in its truest sense. May each in his own heart feel strengthened and upheld by this 'power of His Word'.

TRANSFORMING PRAYER

Mildred Long

MUCH HAS BEEN written about prayer, much that is helpful and inspiring. What more can be said? Yet prayer has its infinite variety and no man can confine it to a test tube or a specific pattern. Therefore no one can say the last word; each man's inspiration only enhances as each beam of light adds color to the rainbow.

Prayer in its true essence is contact with God. It is the instrument, the avenue, the life line that opens connection between the soul of man and the outflowing life of God. It is like the electric button on the wall. Pressing it, you make a connection between the electric wire and the power house. The power, toned down to fit the wire, produces light in the room.

True prayer is the outreach of the soul toward God, the yearning of the derived soul for its Maker, the return Home of the lost and wandering one, the union of the child with the Father and the one created with the Creator. All men's sincere desires are of this nature. But because man does not understand this, he seeks satisfaction in superficial ways. This furnishes the answer to the question: "Does God answer my prayer?" The words of the prayer, the surface desire may not be realized. But *the man is answered,* for his soul has touched the Creator, his searching heart makes contact with the Source of all good. He can never be the same person he was before he prayed. A new divine element has touched his life and entered into his being. As some one has said: "Who rises from his knees a better man, his prayer is answered."

Was not this what Paul meant when he said: "Christ liveth in me"? He visualized this state for all Christians. He spoke about our growing up into "the stature of the fullness of Christ . . . being transformed by the renewing of our minds . . . conformed to the image of His Son . . . being changed from glory to glory" by beholding His face. And Jesus used an even more revealing image in calling us "branches in the vine." Peter also reminded us that all the promises in God's Word are

for one purpose: "that we might be partakers of the divine nature."

Prayer is the means by which we touch the hem of His garment and are made whole. It is the thought pattern which makes permanent in us His thoughts until we can bring "every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ." Prayer is the avenue for receiving God's life into our lives and permitting the work of the Holy Spirit to transform all human elements into the "fruit of the Spirit."

When through prayer we have allowed this transformation to take place, then will be fulfilled the prayer of Jesus in the garden: *"As Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they may be one in us."* And also His words: *"And no man shall ever pluck them out of my Father's hand."* We shall be His and His eternally, here and now.

Can anyone pluck the pattern out of a woven tapestry? Or extract the design from a mosaic made of precious stones? Can anyone gather together the drops of water of a tiny stream as it merges with a larger stream? Can anyone return to the sun the warming beams of light that have entered into my body in a sun bath and brought healing? Can any life be the same after it has really made contact with God? Can anyone reverse the process or defeat the power?

Is not this Paul's meaning in his declaration: "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

To pray, in its real meaning, is to touch the life of God Himself and thus be infused with more of His divinity. And every time we pray we become more united with Him, more truly His son or daughter, irrevocably His own. How dare we treat prayer superficially? How dare we fail to learn to "pray without ceasing"? How dare we question whether God answers us? *His answer is in the transformation of our soul-life into His likeness.*

HIGH RELIGION

Roy Wallace Thomas

I never had the privilege of meeting Carl A. Evans because he appeared on the scene with his creative project years after my last visit to the East. But I have the strange feeling that I have known him personally. His photograph is vivid and realistic, showing the striking, kind, friendly, sincere, talented, and deeply consecrated face of the man his friends describe and that his writings reveal.

Carl Evans' personality and labors compel one to believe in both forms of immortality—namely, survival beyond death and immortality of influence. He still lives in two ways—as an eternal spirit and as a marvelous influence. Every memory of him to those who knew him in the body and every influence he left behind him is inspiring.

Like all men and women of high ideals he knew the wear and pain of struggle, but I have been tremendously impressed by the revelation of his close friends that as the years passed he felt a special *call* to dedicate his whole life to high religion. In this, his experience was similar to that of many of the greatest and most creative men of history; men who were summoned by a divine conviction to give themselves wholly to religious tasks.

A few years after he began his special religious work, Carl Evans wrote: *"One thing is certain: a spiritual regeneration must come to pass! How it is to be achieved is a question. . .the individual must be changed ere there is any lasting improvement in human society, the family or the church."*

I think he was right in shaping his program to foster the basic convictions of all religions, especially the practice of prayer. All great religions agree on the necessity of prayer. All great religions agree on the necessity of prayer to the one true God. Prayer is the greatest technique in religion when fully understood and properly practiced. For at center prayer is more than "asking"; it is surrender or commitment, as most of our theologians are now telling us. True prayer renews and empowers a man.

From the beginning, Mr. Evans was fortunate in his co-workers. The editors all have been capable and the contributors conscientious.

I have found every issue of *FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER* to be very helpful as an aid to personal devotions. Kathryn G. Brown carries on her duties as Executive Secretary with the greatest efficiency and good judgment. Workers, like the distinguished scholar, Dr. William Hung, perform their services with masterful insight. He has pointed out that problems are soluble when *"we really rely on the Life that transforms death, the Truth that eradicates error, and the Love that conquers hate."*

In its own way, Fellowship in Prayer is making its contribution to the dynamic movement that is spread around the earth which urges religious people to forget all needless differences and to work together in true brotherhood for the re-creation of mankind. This mammoth task requires the consecrated effort of every individual and of every religious group, large or small. Only by such creative action can mankind be renewed, and war, poverty and world-wide ignorance be abolished.

FAITH IS THE FORCE. It is *faith* that will make you succeed, that will give you power and strength. Not religious faith only, but *faith:* faith in your ability, faith in yourself, faith in the power that is within you. It is faith that will carry you through.

Faith is belief beyond a doubt; and when you believe beyond a doubt, it becomes a reality to you.

It is faith that heals you. When you pin your faith on medicine, if your faith is great enough, the medicine will heal you. If you believe in chiropractic, and your belief is complete, chiropractic will cure you. When you pin your faith on Christian Science, your whole faith, it is going to heal you. The same with any other healing agency—it is your faith in that agency which restores your health.

—From LIFE IS AS YOU GIVE IT
by Louis Conde (Lahissa)

LIFE OF CARL ALLISON EVANS

Carl Allison Evans, born on June 5, 1880, in Kirkland, New York, was the youngest child of Almiron and Luella Lounsbury Evans, there being three older sisters. When he was three years old the family moved to Utica where his father was employed as a steam engineer.

The father was brought up as a Baptist, but after moving to Utica, the family went to a church near their home, and it was into this church – the Old Presbyterian Church that young Carl at eleven and a half years of age was received formally into the membership "on a beautiful Sunday by the finest combined pastor and preacher I ever knew."

In this church, as the boy grew up, he taught in its Bible School, was president of its Christian Endeavor for a number of years, and, at the age of twenty-seven, was made a Ruling Elder of the church. Subsequently, he became Chairman of the Foreign Missions Committee of Utica Presbytery, the first layman ever to have held such a position.

With this background, it is no wonder that the boy and later the man, never failed to manifest in his religious life both a depth of faith and a breadth of catholicity. When he was thirteen, he found that some of his relatives did not like Presbyterians and some did not like Methodists. "I was downcast for I loved them all, especially Gramp [his maternal grandfather]. I talked with Gramp about it and he said, 'Forget about it. If you are a good boy, you'll go to heaven as well as the rest of us. There are only two places anyway, heaven and hell, and we all will go to one or "tother." That helped me a whole lot as I thought then I was good. It also helped me in school as Utica was then experiencing a great influx of Jews. It was primarily a Roman Catholic Community – from previous inroads of Irish. So in school there was a mixed lot; and I often found myself defending my friends whom the Protestants were calling names. My pastor would pat me on the back and say, 'Go to it, Carl, we all have to live together anyway.' "

As to schooling, Mr. Evans had only what was offered at the public school and some evening courses in the local Young Men's Christian Association and some musical training at the Utica School of Music. Later he took accounting in New York.

It was in music that Mr. Evans seemed to have taken pride upon attaining professional skill. He sang baritone in many amateur programs and in the choir of his church for many years. He played cornet in the local band and orchestra, and together with Professor C. P. Ryan,

the best known violinist of the day in Utica, he took part in many programs, including those of the Knights of Columbus and the Daughters of Isabella. He became a member of the Utica Musicians' Union (American Federation of Musicians, Local 51) – a membership he retained to the end of his life. He continued his study of music at the Chicago University Extension Conservatory and acquired a thorough knowledge of all band and orchestra instruments. He could play them all, but with special skill on on the cornet and the cello.

That his academic education was not more advanced may be explained by his necessity to go to work at the age of fourteen. In previous summers he had worked on his grandfather's farm. At fourteen, he entered the Utica Daily Press as a newsboy, with the prospect of moving up through the various steps in the production of a daily newspaper and saving his funds to further his education.

After eight years with the Press, he was invited to serve as Membership Secretary of the Utica Y.M.C.A., where he stayed one year.

On September 7, 1904, Carl Evans married Emma Jane Cochrane (1874-1954) a kindergarten teacher in Utica. Many years later he wrote of their marriage: "The real romance of my life. . . . She has proven an exceedingly loving, loyal, and devoted companion. Possessing similar tastes, ideals, and purposes, we have been extraordinarily happy in working out life's problems together."

Some of these problems concerned the beginnings of his business career. Without his solicitation, he was offered a position with Maher Uniform Clothing Company and was put in charge of the Order Department. Soon he was given charge of the entire office and became General Manager of the whole manufacturing plant. Here he remained thirteen years.

Early in 1917, he and two other members of the firm resigned in order to form a new company – the Utica Uniform Company, of which he had general management. The new company struggled through two years of keen competition and costly labor, but succeeded to show increasing profits, especially after he secured, in 1922, the contract for making the uniforms for the famous Sousa's Band.

Though busily involved in business, Mr. Evans never slackened his religious activities, mostly those of the Inter-Church Movement and foreign missions. Of the first, he was elected Chairman of the Organizational Committee. As for the latter his "downtown office in Utica became a center for mission board secretaries, missionaries on furlough, and speakers. This gave me unusual contacts which grew into friendships in many cases."

This was the period when the Laymen's Missionary Movement, under such prophetic speakers as Robert E. Speer, Samuel Zwemer, Fred B. Smith, and others, was challenging the piety and imagination of many young men and women in America. Carl and Emma Evans were spellbound. They were chosen as delegates to the Tenth Anniversary of the Missionary Education Movement at Silver Bay; they met many missionary leaders. That they too became missionaries was inevitable. Mr. Evans related how he himself came to the decision: "Mrs. Evans, as President of the Missionary Society of the church, Presbyterial Secretary for Young People's Societies, and Synodical Secretary for Young People, had, in January, 1922, invited a young woman, one of the mission board secretaries, to speak in many churches. On a cold Sunday night, she spoke from the pulpit and called for young missionary volunteers. After the meeting, while I was walking alone ahead of the crowd to the trolley station, through bitter cold and crunching snow, a voice seemed to be saying to me, 'What would you do if the Call came to you?' Somehow I could never get away from that question. It would pop up at the most inopportune moments with no end of annoyance. This went on for many months until one morning while spending my usual hour on my knees, I prayed more fervently and said at last, 'I'll go wherever you want to send me, Dear Lord.' The accumulated effect of the events up to this time had been to draw me closer to our Lord and Saviour, Christ Jesus, until I completely surrendered to His Will. On November 1, I notified my partners that I would sell my share of the partnership on January 1, 1923.

"One day, I was called out of my office, where I had been sorting out a mass of pending claims, placing the oldest ones on top of a stack on my desk, awaiting after-lunch dictation. When I returned thirty minutes later, there was a pamphlet entitled 'What Shall I Do With My Life?' on top of the pile. I had not known of the existence of this booklet and was surprised to find in it, among the listed needs in the foreign field, the mention of mission treasurers and business executives. The one girl in my office assured me that she had not left the office during my absence and that *no one* had put the pamphlet on my desk. I asked of several other employees of the firm whether some caller had entered my office. They answered unanimously in the negative. I protested to all that someone *must* have called. The girl became hysterical, thinking I was bewitched, and I began to think so too. That mystery has never been solved."

When Mr. Evans inquired about such openings on the foreign field, the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church considered the position of the treasurer at

Sillman University, Dumaguete, Philippines, would be most suitable for him to be at once useful without having to spend a year for language study. But the position was being held by a young man whose father was paying his salary and, although the University had suggested it, his removal was deemed inexpedient.

When Mr. Evans was about to leave New York for Utica, a telephone message came from Dr. George T. Scott, the Far Eastern Secretary of the Board, asking him to stay another day. Calling on Dr. Scott the next morning, he was told, "A miracle has happened." The father had just requested the Board to recall his son to America.

"So," recalled Mr. Evans, "I went home with application papers to be filled out. Did it not seem something of a miracle that an English-speaking vacancy should open just at the moment when I could step in?"

On the S. S. President Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Evans left San Francisco on May 3, 1923, arriving in Dumaguete six days later.

During their five-year residence in the Philippines, Mr. Evans was the Treasurer of the University of one thousand students, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Faculty, served on several committees, was manager of the supply shop and the printing press, a Ruling Elder in the student church, teacher in the Bible School, leader of the Orchestra, and director of the church choir, – directing the music of the daily chapel service and organizing a brass band each year. He served as the Chairman of the Auditing Committee of the Mission, necessitating his regular attendance at Mission meetings and his annual trip to Manila.

Mrs. Evans organized a school for missionary children, was pianist at church meetings, taught Sunday School and served as the Chairman of the University's Dramatic Committee, producing one Shakespearian play each year.

Neither the multiplicity of duties nor the difficulty of some of the tasks could dampen the wholehearted enthusiasm of the Evanses for missionary work. They were, however, disheartened to find that narrow bigotry, petty jealousy, and uncharitable machinations were to be found even among missionaries, and that good work was often badly marred. "It was only by the grace of God that the work progressed", wrote Mr. Evans.

After having served five years, the Evanses resigned from the University on June 30, 1928 – to return to the United States via Europe. Despite the urgings of the University Faculty, of the Philippine Mission, and of the Mission Board in New York, they remained firm in their decision to leave the Philippines. As their ship was about to leave Dumaguete, a representative

of the Provincial Government came on board to urge Mr. Evans to return after a year's furlough. "I was so choked with emotion that I never remembered how I replied, but I made known my feelings by a cheek-to-cheek embrace."

Back in the States, after a short period of rest and readjustment, Mr. Evans gave a series of lectures on the Philippines in his church in Utica, and, in February, 1929, he was ready for new employment. He was offered several attractive opportunities, but he felt that "somewhere in the offing, God was calling." God was. Following a weekend of indecision and prayer, Monday's mail brought an offer from China Union Universities' office, 150 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. – affectionately called "one fifty." On March 1, Mr. Evans began his service of twenty years and four months in the office known under the name of China Union Universities, then; the Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China, later; and United Board for Christian Colleges in China, still later. At first, not all the Christian Colleges and Universities were under the care of the office; but in the latter years, there were thirteen of them, beginning with Fukien Christian University in Foochow and ending with Yenching University in Peiping.

In the meantime, Mr. Evans purchased a small house at 121 Brown Road, Scarsdale, N. Y. Here he and Mrs. Evans made their home and entered into the community life. They became members of Hitchcock Memorial Church, and soon Mrs. Evans was a leader in numerous activities of the church, of Scarsdale, and of Westchester County.

Mr. Evans entered the service of the Christian Colleges in China as Assistant Treasurer, then as Associate Executive Secretary and Associate Treasurer. During the Second World War he was Acting Executive Secretary. He was principally concerned with the finances of the Colleges – contributions, expenses, proper bookkeeping – and with advising the Boards and Trustees on investments. "Trends in securities were constantly checked in my office and reported to the various Finance Committees, of which there were ten in the beginning. I set up every Finance Committee meeting, made up the dockets, wrote the minutes, and executed the orders to buy or sell. I also had the responsibility of setting up Trustee meetings for some of the Boards. The accounting responsibility for the entire group of Colleges was under my personal supervision, with a staff of five workers. I was also a representative on the Governing Committee of the Associated Missions Medical Office, which passed on the health of all missionaries."

Mr. Evans gave himself unreservedly to these many tasks and to the responsibility of handling

several millions of dollars not only with wise business acumen, but also with a manifest spirit of Christian love, faith and humbleness. He held the love and highest esteem of his associates and of the many Chinese professors and students with whom he came in contact on their visits in America.

Then came the hectic times of the Second World-War and the confusion of its aftermath, bringing frequent changes in personnel, not always conducive to harmonious cooperation in the office. With it all came the sad prospect of a China slipping fast under Communist control. Mr. Evans early foresaw that there could be no possibility of freedom in religion under a Communist regime and that the Christian colleges in China would be seized and shackled in atheism and materialism. He retired from the Board on July 1, 1949, although retaining the title of Counselor.

Even before his leaving the United Board for Christian Colleges in China, the idea of Fellowship in Prayer had already begun to take shape in Mr. Evans' mind. Writing to a friend on June 21, 1949, quoting his conversation with a Catholic Archbishop, internationally famous both as a Christian and as a statesman, he said: "I asked him what the answer was to the awful mess in which we found ourselves. Quick as a flash came his reply: 'Prayer. If all who believe in God – Protestants, Catholics, Hebrews. Mohammedans, etc., – prayed with sincerity for the coming of peace, *God would have to do something about it.*'" Concluding his letter, he said, "I am now at a loss to evaluate the future as to the closer affiliation of religious believers. Had I sufficient means myself, I would inaugurate a prayer cycle without a top-heavy organization, but with a deep spiritual note calling upon all faiths to consecrate themselves to a universal religious understanding."

After leaving the United Board, he spent the summer months in calling on and conferring with leaders of religious bodies, trying to find a group which might effectively sponsor a world-wide call to prayer. Alas! the findings were not encouraging. "One might judge that fully fifty per cent of those connected with religious organizations know next to nothing about prayer or its effectiveness. . . . There is a large group of individuals and organizations who are thinking in terms of prayer for various objectives, but nothing whatever for a deep spiritual awakening in the hearts of the mass of church followers or unchurched people." Sometimes he would leave the office of a loved and respected friend with the amused sadness, "Perhaps he thought I was in danger of becoming a crackpot."

On October 3, 1949, there appeared in THE NEW YORK TIMES a five-column advertisement, "God and the Atom," by a retired finan-

cier, Ferris Booth, challenging the President of the United States to use the resources of Almighty God in the solution of international complications.

Mr. Evans was deeply moved. Moreover, he found that some of his Chinese friends were especially cognizant of Mr. Booth's penetrating diagnosis of the then overwhelming Communism in China. They asked themselves why it was that in China twenty-four centuries of Confucianism, and Taoism, twenty centuries of Buddhism, twelve centuries of Mohammedanism, three and a half centuries of Catholicism, and one and a half century of Protestantism had not been able to withstand thirty years of Communism. The obvious answer was that these religious forces had already been seriously weakened by the hypocrisy and bigotry of their own adherents. Some of the top leaders of the Nationalist Government did indeed attend Christian services and were fond of quoting Confucian classics; yet, they relied not on spiritual resources but on political, financial, and military means to combat Communism. With China's failure as an object lesson, the inescapable conclusion had to be: Short of a general spiritual renaissance, nothing can stop Communism, not even a victorious war.

Mr. Evans felt, however, that Mr. Booth's excellent arguments should have been addressed not merely to President Harry S. Truman but to every religious believer throughout the United States and the whole world, and that the urgently needed spiritual renaissance could be induced better by incessant and widespread educative challenges than by executive, legislative, or judiciary orders. The first call had best be the call to pray. Religions may differ in theology, organization, and polity, but, despite these differences they lay almost equal stress on the importance of prayer, and prayer means almost the same thing to them all – the assurance that the believer's humility and supplication will be met with God's love and guidance. We may pray in different places and in different languages; we can rest assured that, since the ultimate source of love and guidance is one and no other, we will not be led into hatred and conflicting errors. Prayer, more prayer, and ceaseless prayer must begin the way to unite this awfully divided world!

Thus, Mr. Evans came to the decision that he should initiate the Fellowship in Prayer with the motto "For a World United in Prayer". Yet, before he took the first step, he was not without hesitations. In the afternoon of Sunday, October 30, 1949, he was reclining alone in the living room of his home, resting, praying, meditating, and debating with himself. Even a small office with a modest program of publications would cost money. He was willing to work without pay and

willing to impose austere economy on his household maintenance so that he might contribute a part of his meager savings to the program. Could he depend on contributions from friends old and new? In August Mrs. Evans had a surgical operation and the recovery had been slow. If her illness should continue, could he afford to give time and money to the Fellowship? Kathryn G. Brown, who had been for nearly fourteen years his secretary and colleague at the United Board and had also left it, preferring to work with him on any program of spiritual significance, had received an attractive offer of employment, to which she must soon give an answer. Should he urge her to accept this employment? Should he allow her to work with him on a meager salary? Would it be fair to her if his project should shortly fold up owing to lack of funds?

While he was silently arguing pro and con, he felt suddenly a sharp pain in his side. He thought it might be an attack of lumbago and wanted to summon his physician. Painfully getting up and trying to reach his telephone, he said to himself, "This may mean the Lord wants me to drop what I have been planning." All of a sudden, the excruciating pain was gone. He straightened up, walked steadily the rest of the way, and, taking up the phone, called not his doctor but Kathryn Brown, informing her that work would commence the following day. The following day they met in the lobby of Hotel Seville (22 East 29th Street, New York, N.Y.) to write letters. They also rented Office H in the hotel as of the day following, November first. At this stage "H" could stand for just Hope.

On page Twelve of THE NEW YORK TIMES, December 12, 1949, appeared Mr. Evans' challenge:

PRAYER
An Answer to "God and the Atom"

THE FERRIS BOOTH advertisement in THE NEW YORK TIMES on October 3 calling upon President Truman to start a "spiritual renaissance" is commendable and sound thinking, generally. However, the final responsibility falls upon *each* individual who believes in God, regardless of his religious affiliation. The President has called upon all people to take a greater interest in the religious life of each community. Can we expect more?

PRAYER IS THE ANSWER

The real strength and power of religion can only be exerted through invoking the presence of God in our lives and praying earnestly for the realization of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man toward the consummation of a better understanding of international and human relations. A believer in *any* faith can do this, as prayer is the means of communication with God in all of the great religions of the world. Prayer for good by believers in God can overcome the oppressors and put to flight the foes of righteousness.

IT IS ATTAINABLE

As individuals, we conduct business together, we mingle in social life, in sports; there are no barriers. Surely we

are not so biased that we fail to see the common attributes in other religions. TRUTH, HONESTY, JUSTICE, MERCY are basic elements in every great faith. In seeking God, let us omit the controversial issues. IF WE WILL TO DO IT — IT CAN BE DONE.

HOW?

Begin *now* to pray in your own manner for the things set forth above. Do it frequently or at stated times. Talk it over with your family, your neighbors, your friends, your spiritual adviser. If possible, get your local newspaper to copy this article or comment upon it. Fellowship Circles could be formed. Do not, however, let it interfere with your regular religious duties — rather combine it with them. Our united prayers can glorify and sanctify this Holiday Season.

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Those who sponsor this advertisement (known for the present as "Fellowship in Prayer") devoutly seek a broad fellowship of believers. If you desire to write or assist in any way, we will treat your communication in confidence and with gratitude to God for your interest.

In the hope of a spiritual renaissance,
FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

It was thought that the publication of this article might start a sort of prayer-chain-reaction among the metropolitan dailies throughout the country. Though this wish was not fulfilled, some newspaper comments were quite appreciative; Mary Hornaday's "Seeking Security in Prayer," in the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR of December 17, 1949 (also introduced into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD, March 14, 1950, Volume 96, No. 52, (pp. A1992/A1993) was especially to the point. Congratulatory messages, which poured into Office H, were enthusiastically encouraging. A prominent university woman wrote to say that Mary Hornaday's was one of the articles that "changed the course of my life."

With such encouragements, Mr. Evans undertook to have the Fellowship incorporated, which was duly effected on June 5, 1950, when the incorporation papers were filed with the Secretary of State, Albany, New York. Soon, he made application to the United States Treasury Department and acquired for the Corporation the right to accept income-tax-deductible contributions. As contributions came in, he proceeded to rent or purchase the necessary office equipment, and the publication FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER gradually improved in typography and artistic appearance — the first few numbers were typewritten, then mimeographed, then in the form of varitype-offset booklets. On June 27, 1950, the trustees and members formally met. The Constitution and Bylaws were adopted. The purpose of the Corporation was declared to be: "To promote the practice of prayer among *all* religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper

spirit of fellowship among mankind" – just another amplification of "For a World United in Prayer." The officers were elected, and Carl A. Evans was Executive Secretary and Assistant Treasurer.

The last six years of Carl A. Evans' life might be said to be represented by the six volumes of FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER. He wrote numerous articles and comments. As to the rest, almost every piece of prose or poetry had come as a result of his earnest solicitation or prayerful selection. The central themes are of course prayer the importance of prayer, and the sense of fellowship in prayer. Many of the poems and articles will amply reward reading and rereading. Among the letters that came to Office H, many expressed warm appreciation of this or that contribution that was printed or re-printed. Even Albrecht Dürer's painting, "Folded Hands," which has been used to adorn the front cover since the summer of 1950 – now and then further embellished with the beautiful drawings of Helen Dudley Young – has been almost universally acclaimed as a most appropriate choice.

These volumes of FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER are, of course, on the sunny side of Mr. Evans' enterprise. Unfortunately, there were shadows on the other side. In order to continue the publication, Mr. Evans had to undergo considerable physical and mental hardship. Physically, it was almost back-breaking toil. He worked not only in the office, but also carried papers home to work at night. Not only was the task of editing heavy, but the amount of correspondence involved was also stupendous. He would never let up. In the autumn of 1953, he suffered an illness that required eleven weeks of hospitalization and convalescence. A friend calling on him in the hospital found him at work in bed. To the advice that he should forget work for a while, his answer was: "Think of the joy and hope these dear writers are giving me and the readers of our publication; how can I fail to do my utmost!" Toil, of course, had telling effects on health.

Mental anguish, thank God was only intermittant. It had to do mainly with money or rather the lack of it. Long trained in financial handling, he had the skill of making one penny work for the value of several. Now and then deficit would stare him in the face. Though he could write to a friend:

> "Please do not worry about the extent of your financial participation. Of course there must be an end to where, personally, I can continue the present rate of contribution, especially with the inflation cutting our dollar in two; but even so, I am not worried, for I have unbounded faith and courage."

He could not really regard growing figures in red with ease. There were anxious days or weeks before some sizable checks came in to effect a favorable balance. Such periods were more frequent before April 22, 1952, when an elderly

Christian lady sent a check for five hundred dollars with the note:

"Whatsoever ye ask in prayer, *believe*, never doubt. In the same mail that brought me *your* letter, was a check for $500 — I had sent it, and for certain reason it was returned. I had that morning prayed to be *guided* in giving — I am sure that check was returned so that I might send it where needed more. I am sending it to "Fellowship in Prayer." (I tore it up and wrote a new one, of course.) I know that prayer is the most important thing right now."

Subsequently, she increased her donations, which practically met the cost of printing FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER. By December 1954, she was, however, so incapacitated that her affairs went into the hands of appointed trustees. Contributions ceased. By the spring of 1955, Mr. Evans had, in addition to the deep solicitude about the health of this friend, who had become very dear to him, the growing concern over unpaid and pending bills. Constant prayer was answered by two thousand dollars from a person whom he had never met, and who, seven months later, when Mr. Evans once more felt depressed about the Fellowship's financial situation, sent three thousand dollars more, together with such encouraging words:

"The purpose of your organization during the past six years has seemed almost like a miracle, and I would not want to see it fail its dedicated purpose. This seems to me our greatest hope for the future, and the only way possible to achieve friendship throughout the world."

Reporting this to one of his friends on the Board, Mr. Evans wrote: "God spoke. . . .I feel so humble that I can hardly rise above 'I thank Thee, dear Lord, I thank Thee.' "

It was not only physical and mental strain that undermined his health. After prolonged invalidism, his beloved Emma died on December 17, 1954. Grief and loneliness contributed to make him appear increasingly thin and worn during 1955. Some of his friends knew that his long and useful life was drawing to a close. Tuesday, January 3, 1956, after a day of strenuous work in Office H, he planned to stay over night in the hotel, as was his custom of late, whenever he had too much to carry home to Scarsdale. He did not want to go out to dinner. As he and Kathryn Brown were finishing a little supper, suddenly his head dropped; she caught him in her arms and reached for the telephone. He needed no help; he was gone — and "with his boots on" as he once considered it a blessed way to die. Beautiful services in Scarsdale and Clinton, New York, were similar to those he had arranged for Mrs. Evans only a year before. Messages of condolence poured into Office H and were almost unanimous in urging that Fellowship in Prayer should continue to go on. Without doubt, this urge is in complete accord with Mr. Evans' own wishes. In his will he bequeathed to the Fellowship a part of his estate. The whole estate being small, this bequest was of no

great financial significance. It is more important to remember that he gave to the Fellowship an achievement: at a conservative estimate, the words of FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER had reached 1,500,000 people; in six years' time the small office had radiated enough of a spiritual challenge to be considered "a big stick in the religious world." He gave to it the vision of "a world united in prayer." He gave to it the example of his own prayerful life. Whenever things were going well he would share with his friends the ecstasy of thankfulness for God's mercy and grace. Whenever he found discouragement strewn in the path, he would say: "We have not been praying in the right way . . . We need further training in the School of Prayer."

Perhaps, in course of time, the word "Evans" may become synonymous with "prayer."

— *Kathryn G. Brown*

(From Vol. VI, No. 1, pp. 2-17)

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

A lovely word is *fellowship;*
On dark days and on fair
It promises a fragrant bloom
To quench the breath of care.

A wondrous word is *fellowship;*
It leads them by the hand,
From winter's blasts to spring's advent
The weary in the land.

A blessed name is *fellowship;*
A sacred star shines there--
Its message to the thirsting soul
Is *FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER.*

— *Frances N. Armstrong*

(From Vol. VI, No. 5, p. 6)

THE PRAYERS of WILLIAM BOOTH

(From CANADIAN WAR CRY)

"WASN'T that a beautiful prayer? I think that was the most beautiful prayer I ever listened to!"

In March 1907, William Booth was leaving Ottawa and wished to bid farewell to the Governor-General, Lord Grey, and his wife. In order to shake hands, the Founder had to break into a grand dinner party—

IT IS A PLEASURE for Fellowship in Prayer to add its tribute to the many being paid this year to The Salvation Army, now observing its 100th Anniversary. As detailed on these pages, the prayer-life of the founder of the Salvation Army was deep and real; built on such a foundation, his Army has marched onward through the century in dedicated service to both the spiritual and physical needs of man.

The Salvation Army today is an international religious and charitable organization at work in seventy-one countries and one hundred forty-seven languages. It maintains men's social service centers for the homeless and alcoholics; it has maternity homes serving unwed mothers and general hospitals serving all; it runs senior citizens clubs and residences. The Army also sponsors scouting, youth clubs, camps, bands, and engages in a wide variety of other services.

As the fledgling group started by young William Booth on July 2, 1865 (formally named the Salvation Army in 1878) has grown and expanded, its spiritual and humanitarian work has transcended race, color and creed and has reached around the globe. May its continuing service be blessed as the second century of its life begins.

much to the consternation of many present. After taking leave of His Majesty's representative, he announced that he was going to pray.

"Then and there we all had to get up and kneel down at our chairs," recalled one of his Lordship's daughters, "while flunkeys in scarlet stood with dishes in their hands like so many statues looking down at us."

But the Governor-General's enthusiastic remark banished all possible resentment. He had considered the intrusion a privilege.

Later in the year William Booth visited Japan. At the end of an interesting interview with Count Okuma, the country's "grand old man," he knelt down and prayed for his host.

"Oh! his prayer!" exclaimed the Count many times afterward. "I have attended many meetings and heard many earnest men pray but never anything like that."

The Founder had long been known as a man of prayer. On February 12, 1903, he was invited to open the United States Senate. The words of his petition are included in the official records of the day's proceedings:

O Lord God, our Heavenly Father, Maker, Sustainer and Governor of all things, we, Thy servants, the work of Thy hands, come into Thy presence this morning to supplicate Thy blessing upon ourselves, upon those dependent upon us, and the world round about us.

We acknowledge before Thee our obligations for all good things that we enjoy. . . . . We pray for Thy blessing on this great nation. We thank Thee for all Thy goodness to it, and that through Thy loving-kindness it may be not only great and capable of promoting the highest degree of happiness and well-being of its own people, but that it may by Thy great grace be made a great power in the world, and make a glorious stand for righteousness and truth and peace and happiness among the nations.

Wherever William Booth went he was ready to call the blessing

of God down on the people. Mothers thrilled as he placed his hand on a baby's head; young men rose to greater effort for the Kingdom of God following the Founder's "God bless you!" Contact with him has helped statesmen to go on with their work with far greater confidence.

"I want to speak to you about yourself," he said to Cecil Rhodes after a visit to the Hadleigh Farm Colony, Essex, England, in May, 1898. "You're a man with much depending on you just now. Tell me how it is with your soul."

"Well, General, it's not quite as well with my soul as I could wish."

"Do you pray?"

"Sometimes; not quite as often as I should."

"Will you let me pray with you now?" asked the General, who immediately knelt on the railway carriage floor and asked God to direct and save the soul of Cecil Rhodes.

"General," pleaded the great statesman when both men had risen to their feet, "I hope you will continue to pray for me."

In the Garden of Gethsemane, in 1905, the Salvationist reporter made the following record:

"I took out my scribbling book to put down the points of the General's petitions. But the sense of the divine presence and the ringing depths of the General's prayer—a prayer that seemed burdened with the thought that there is no royal way to the crown . . . that without Calvary there is no salvation—were too much for my feelings. Tears came thick and fast from my eyes and fell on my notebook, and so I gave it up."

Even the monk who guided the party felt the influence of that prayer. "That is a form," he said as he held his rosary; "it is what we

have in our heart that is everything."

William Booth's prayers were so mighty because early he learned to pray. In his Resolutions, made on December 6, 1849, when but a pawnbroker's assistant in South London, he included the promise:

"I will rise every morning sufficiently early (say twenty minutes before seven o'clock) to wash, dress and have a few minutes, not less than five, in private prayer."

As a boy in a Nottingham chapel he prayed that God would forgive his sins and make him useful. As an old man he returned to that spot and was found kneeling there telling the Lord, "I'd do it again." Many people have knelt on that spot and asked God to guide them. "Do it for me!" cried an officer from an Eastern land one day.

And what God did for William Booth He can do for all who will pray and serve as did the Army's Founder. —*C.B.*

TO WALK SOFTLY

To walk so softly through this day
That only kindly words I say,
Gracious words that heal and bless
Another's hurt or loneliness—
Help me, Lord, I pray.

To walk so softly through this day
That I will keep the gentle way;
To follow where Thy Spirit leads
And only do the generous deeds—
Help me, Lord, I pray.

— Emily Sargent Councilman

(From SUNSHINE MAGAZINE, used by permission)

SOURCE OF STRENGTH

FOREMOST among the sources of strength for continuation of the work of Fellowship in Prayer is the ever-present knowledge that the effort is stimulating prayer and spiritual endeavor—and that prayers are being answered—around the world. Almost every day, letters attesting to this fact are received. It is fitting that portions of some of these communications be shared with all readers, for those who subscribe and seek to spread the outreach of the fellowship are as important to the mutual work as those who write for the bimonthly and manage the affairs of the group.

From Sindangan in the Philippines, Dr. A. N. Molina recently wrote to express gratitude for receiving copies of FIP and to give thanks to *"all who are devoting their time in publishing materials that uplift the soul of man, especially in these days of turmoil and uncertainty."*

Dr. Molina continued: *"During my confinement in our Sillman Medical Center for an ulcer operation, my thought would go out to the host of friends here and abroad...Those who heard the radio announcement about my confinement helped in the prayer and so I was saved from any serious outcome, and hence my writing this letter to thank you all for giving me the encouragement to go to God in prayer. Many friends visited me at the hospital and said prayer with me; and their deeds of kindness have helped me to recover sooner. Thanks to the Lord whose Mercy endures forever...."*

Dr. W. J. Thompson, a faithful contributor over the years, commented in a letter on the inspiration of Carl Allison Evans in launching this fellowship: *"This feeling of a direct commission from God transforms life and makes it shine with Divine significance!... In the case of Carl Allison Evans, this was no 'hit and miss' affair, for he was being led in God's own way to the crowning service of his life—the formation of Fellowship in Prayer."*

Miss Mildred Long, another kind friend, called this bimonthly—among various religious papers—the *"only one that emphasizes the real*

spiritual values: the contact with God, the prayer life, the thoughts of great minds who think deeply upon God and His creation. I find the magazine very helpful personally and often use parts of it in my work of leading meditation groups...."

Still with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee:—

With Thee, amid the crowd,
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamour loud,
Speak softly to my heart:

With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind:
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find:

With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose;
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings
Mine eyelids I would close.

With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding would I be;
By day, by night, in life, in death
I would be still with Thee.

— J. D. Burns
(From the INDIAN MESSENGER)

NOTICES and COMMENTS

A MILESTONE REACHED. With this issue, a milestone in the life of Fellowship in Prayer is reached. The fifteenth anniversary of the incorporation comes on June 5. It is not necessary, in this space, to make further comment of that occasion; major portions of the issue note the event and reflect on the life and meaning of the fellowship. It is fitting here, however, to acknowledge with gratitude the many contributors to our mutual work and to express the hope and prayer that they find sustenance in the endeavor even as they share their thoughts and give other assistance. May we all pray that the number of people bound together in prayer will grow each day throughout the entire world.

SPEAKING ENGAGEMENT. Our loyal and conscientious President, Dr. William Hung, continues to spread the word of our work through personal appearances. On March 29 an audience at The Community Church of Boston greeted his remarks most enthusiastically. Dr. Hung's appearance was a featured address in a series of programs on various religions and denominations. The Fellowship is fortunate that it has such a forceful and dedicated leader who is willing to give his time and talent to the work.

NEW LIBRARY VOLUME. Included in this issue is an excerpt from "Life Is As You Give It" by Louis Conde (Lahissa), edited by Ellen E. Gibbs, who has graciously presented copies to our library. The volume of addresses and other selections of the work of Dr. Conde in the field of mental-spiritual development is a valuable addition.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. FIP is published six times a year at the rate of $3.00. Special rates are available for additional copies.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS—

We are sincerely grateful to those readers who have renewed, and are renewing their subscriptions. Those who have not yet done so are invited to renew as soon as possible. Ours is a nonprofit fellowship and only through the help and cooperation of those who are interested in our work can FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER be improved and extended throughout the world.

FELLOWSHIP ADVISORS

EASTERN ZONE: Mrs. Samuel Chamberlain, Florence S. Dustin, Mrs. Bennie Caroline Hall, Mrs. William Hung, Mrs. David William Jones, Olga Lamkert, Georgia H. Marin, Mrs. Kenneth B. Park.

SOUTHERN ZONE: Mrs. Emily Sargent Councilman, Mrs. Arthur R. Kutch.

CENTRAL ZONE: Katherine L. Beech, Karl W. Frey, Mrs. David William Harris, Harry Halsey Starrett, Mrs. J. H. Titus.

WESTERN ZONE: Mrs. Velta Myrle Allen, Mrs. Zelma S. Dennis, Henry J. Gernhardt, Roy Wallace Thomas, Mrs. Helen Dudley Young.

FOREIGN ZONE: Prof. Mohammed F. M. Awad, Ph.D. *(Cairo, Egypt),* Emilie, Lady Coote *(England),* Prof. A. N. Molina *(Philippines),* S. R. Shafaq *(Iran),* Dr. Teh-yao Wu *(Taiwan),* Dr. C. H. Yeang *(Malaya).*

ADVISOR-AT-LARGE: Mrs. Marion Mills Preminger.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Mildred Long
Francis Merchant
Carla Patsuris
Swami Ritajananda
Roy Wallace Thomas
Harry Halsey Starrett
W. J. Thompson

TRUSTEES and OFFICERS

William Hung, *President;* Mrs. Thomas M. Taylor, *Vice President;* Gordon Belding, *Vice President;* Frederic Snyder, *Vice President;* Peter Van Keuren Funk, *Trustee;* Edwiene Schmitt, *Trustee;* J. E. Thompson, *Treasurer;* Kathryn G. Brown, *Executive Secretary;* Neil Mellblom, *Editor.*

Fellowship in Prayer
22 East 29 Street
New York, N. Y. 10016

Date.....

I enclose $.....in payment of a subscription to FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER for.....year (s), and $.....toward furthering the work. May God add His blessing!

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZIP CODE.....STATE.....

THE ACORNS' SHARED WONDER

Hidden and bruised,
The uncountable brown acorns,
Cradled in the dying green of winter,
Seemed inert, and dead.
Lovingly, the ragged binding stiff grasses
Maternally covered these brown rounded acorns
Whirled from their Tree Mother's reluctance.

Tingling and rippling, my wonder roused
By spherical coats they wore to embrace
Ineluctable seeds from which baby oaks, adventuring
And strong would rocket with Spring's invitation,
Her singing beamed in heavensent aria's allurement.

Spiralling, my wonder marvelled at the thought:
Now within ALL grew that same Godlike gift
Of springtime's elbowing, and youthful pushing
When we passed each through his own hidden test
In God's enduring love, never losing our gloryfilled strength.
I shared my certainty with Heavenly-knowing:
His Love shall guide us through all eternity
In our testingtime of wintry upheaval!

— Alice Richmond

Fellowship in Prayer
22 East 29th Street
New York 16, N. Y.